

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL



MANCHU
NUMBER
FEBRUARY
1937

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THE FIELD AFAR—The Magazine of Maryknoll

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Subscription rates: one dollar (\$1.00) a year; five dollars (\$5.00) for six years; fifty dollars (\$50.00) for life.

THE FIELD AFAR is indexed in The Catholic Periodical Index, to be found in public libraries.

Make checks and money orders payable to: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., as

SECOND CLASS MATTER

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917; authorized Nov. 21, 1921.

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**The Carver—Not of the Tyrol or of Catholic Bavaria, but of the
Maryknoll Mission in the Manchu Plain**

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

FEBRUARY, 1937



WHAT do you know of Manchukuo? You have heard of the "incident"—but you have forgotten now what it means. You are not so good at remembering names and newspaper headlines and, hence, you do not recall the day in the

spring of 1931 when Captain Nakamura, of the Japanese army, was killed in Inner Mongolia. By September of that year, Japan had occupied the country which now is known as Manchukuo.

It makes a tidy little piece of land, with over half a million square miles, larger than Germany and France combined. Three mighty mountain screens shelter its vast billowy plains from Siberia, from Inner Mongolia, and from China.

In 1932 Maryknollers were invited by Bishop Blois, of Mukden, to set up their home at Fushun. Thus originated Maryknoll-in-Manchu-Land. The territory assigned to us is in the southeast corner, bordering on Korea and on the sea. It embraces 40,000 square miles which, as we are wont to say, is the equivalent of the state of Kentucky. Within it live 2,500,000 of the country's thirty millions.

There are great cities and bounding countryside. The most celebrated city is Dairen, on the tip of the peninsula of

Kwantung (quite distinct from Kwangtung Province, South China, in which are found the Maryknoll missions of Kongmoon and Kaying). Dairen is like a modern metropolis of the western world, with wide streets, tall buildings and beautiful homes. The missionary is disappointed when he lands there. "Is this my field of pioneering?" he asks.

But Dairen, it cannot be over-emphasized, is quite apart from Manchukuo. It is Japanese territory, taken from the Russians in the Russo-Japanese War. Port Arthur, famed for its glorious Japanese victory, is but a few miles away. Maryknoll has a Japanese and a Chinese parish in Dairen, the Japanese much more satisfactorily developed than the Chinese.

Advancing by the South Manchuria Railway up into the country, the new arrival reaches the outskirts of Mukden and then turns east to Fushun. This is the administrative center of the mission and another of the territory's important cities.

Fushun possesses what is believed to be the largest open-cut coal field in the world, with a seam which runs from 45 feet to 150 feet in thickness. A great shale oil plant also exists here. Fushun is the logical center for the mission, since from it most points in the territory can be conveniently reached. Here Monsignor Lane has built up his headquarters, about which is a parish with almost 1,500 Christians, large convent, institutions of charity, and catechists'



The cross stands starkly against the sky. Clouds play about the tower of the central church of the Prefecture of Fushun.

SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND HIS JUSTICE. — LUKE XII. 31.



school, while a small Japanese parish is found nearby. Across the river at Hopei is a parish of 500, with convent, schools, dispensary, and seminary.

A little twist of the tracks gets the traveller onto the main road of the Mukden-Antung rail line, Antung being in Maryknoll territory on the banks of the Yalu, which divides Manchukuo from Korea. After Dairen, Antung is the most important city. Here Maryknoll has a Chinese parish of some 300 souls and another parish for Japanese and Koreans totaling about 160.

These three cities are the greatest commercial centers within the Fushun Prefecture. However, there are scores of other communities, some of them of importance, and in these are found ten more resident mission stations.

Along the Mukden-Antung rail line, there are several attractive opportunities for the missionary, but only one station has been set up thus far. It is Ch'iao Tou, not far from Fushun, handy to Peng'chiku, a "Pittsburg" of Manchukuo, and the Benjamin among Fushun's centers.

Historic stations of the field are Ch'a Kou, down near the coast and Erh-Pa-

Standing, left to right: Bro. Peter, Frs. Weis, Escalante, Mullen, Hewitt, Haggerty, Bro. Benedict, Frs. Comber, Ryan, and Ziembra.
Seated, left to right: Fr. O'Donnell; Fr. Mateo, Retreat Master; Msgr. Lane, and Frs. McCormack and Jacques.

Tan. Ch'a Kou is a village where Paris Missioners first set themselves up in 1823. From here, the stalwart apostles of Korea took their leave for the perilous advance on that country, where the Faith was then proscribed. Here, also, were to be found the Korean seminarians under training for the priesthood. Ch'a Kou has over 600 Catholics.

Erh-Pa-Tan, like Ch'a Kou, is a simple little village with no great commercial future before it, but of importance to the Church because it has a long-standing Christian community of 700.

Half a dozen other centers have

Standing, left to right: Frs. Henry, Flick, Hohlfield, Maurus Pai, P'an, Ch'en, Alexius Pai, Bro. Benedict, and Fr. J. J. Walsh.

Seated, left to right: Fr. Murrett; Fr. Mateo, Retreat Master; Msgr. Lane, and Frs. Kaschmitter and Martin Pai.
Fushun missionaries missing from these pictures: Frs. Murphy, Quirk and Donovan, who were unable to get in for Retreat; Frs. Gilbert and Geselbracht on leave in America; and Fr. Burns who was still in captivity at that time.

promising missions. There is Sin Pin, ancient Manchu capital before Mukden; T'ung Hua, now notorious the world over as the residence from which Father Clarence Burns was kidnaped; and Shan-Ch'eng Tze, whose excellent school recently won a prize from the Government.

Three stations are in charge of Chinese clergy, Ch'ing Yuan, L'u-Ho, and Ch'ao Yang Chen. These priests, we must explain, are a heritage from the Paris Missioners who have long been training native clergy. They are the nucleus of the ever growing priesthood, whose development is one of the great objectives of Maryknoll-in-Manchuria.

Finally, there is Linkiang, of which we speak elsewhere, the most isolated of Fushun's centers, far up on the Yalu.

The Holy See erected the Fushun Prefecture only in 1932, after Maryknollers had labored some few years at the elementary task of getting things under way. Today, it counts 7,475 Catholics and the promising network of centers to which we make reference above. Here is the start. May God bless the years which lie ahead and give us consoling harvests in souls.



THE KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST MUST GO TO MEN THROUGH MEN.

Father Burns Comes Smiling Back

A portion of Father Clarence Burns' own account of his nine months with Manchu bandits.

"FATHER, we must leave you. I cannot kill you although it means the loss of my own head. The soldiers are after us, and we do not know where our companions are. We have

the general direction of T'ung Hua.

We pushed on, arriving at the gates of Liu-Tao-Kou at eleven o'clock on a Sunday night. After a lengthy investigation, the sentry and commanding of-

nell and Comber. The body-guard then took us to the station, and the authorities informed me that they had prepared a room at the hospital, where they wished me to stay for a few days. Two days later, I was turned over to the American Consul and taken to the mission. It was exactly nine months and ten days since my capture.



Above: Monsignor Lane welcoming Father Burns at the Fushun station. Brother Benedict stands with Father Burns. Right: Fushun's Chinese clergy welcome the home-comer. Father Pai is nearest Father Burns.

no home, no food. Father's strength is not sufficient to go with us. I cannot kill; I do not want the *Shen Fu* (Spiritual Father) to die. I believe the *Shen Fu* when he says that he has no hate for me. We must run. The *Shen Fu* can return home. I beg the *Shen Fu* to ask his God to protect me. I, too, do not want to die; I want to go home to see my old mother."

These were the words which the captain of the bandits addressed to me as I lay on the ground in a wooded hillside for the tenth consecutive day.

I recall seeing the bandits disappear over the hilltop. My catechist Mr. Wu turned to me and said, "They are gone, *Shen Fu*; we go home." For some time, perhaps for several days, cold and sick from hunger and exposure, we wandered about the woods seeking a path and hoped that we were going in

ficer admitted us and made us as comfortable as possible for the night. They told us next morning that arrangements had been made for buses and a sufficient number of soldiers to guard us until we reached T'ung Hua.

On the second day the buses arrived, and I went on to T'ung Hua. A telephone message had been sent to the mission, informing my confreres of my arrival. Unable to speak, I fell into the welcome arms of Fathers O'Don-

ing against his bicycle awaiting us. I motioned for him to run, but seeing that we were in the hands of bandits, he stayed. Another group of bandits came from the house, surrounded us with drawn revolvers and took everything we had.

I was then placed on a sled which they had prepared for me, and Wu and Ch'iu were forced to walk behind over field and hill in the mountain passes, until shortly after sunset when we



ADOPT A MARYKNOLLER.

reached their cabin. I might mention that on the morning of the sick call I had arisen from a sick bed.

The group of bandits at this time numbered fifteen. An hourly watch was established, three men being charged to watch me while the others retired. That night an alarm was given that soldiers were in the vicinity. We arose and pushed on in the snow, waist deep, to the top of a nearby mountain. When assured that the soldiers had withdrawn we returned to the cabin only to receive another alarm. We went again to the mountain top where we spent the night, sleeping out in the open in a heavy snowstorm. With the approach of dawn they decided to move on. It was impossible to use a sled here so I was forced to walk with them some ten miles. My catechist Ch'iu being an old man was left behind, while Mr. Wu was taken with me. Morning brought us to a farmer's house where they planned to await my recovery. They told me that when I was able to go on they would take me to their leader. We spent about ten days in this home.

Messengers again informed the bandits that soldiers were near. Seeing that I had not recovered my strength, they prepared a sled for me, and we pushed onward in zero weather. Much of this trip was made through brooks and in snow, waist deep. The sled broke through the ice when crossing the river, and my general condition was weakened by the wetting. Fifty miles from



T'ung Hua we came to a deserted cabin in the woods. Here we were without food. I had chills, fever and a deep congestion in the chest, which gave me every indication that I probably had pneumonia. This condition lasted for over two weeks, after which I recovered somewhat.

At this cabin we settled down to the normal life of the bandits. Day and night members of the brigand band

would come to see the foreigner, commenting on all features and asking numberless questions about the *Shen Fu*: who he was, what kind of a man he was, why he was in Manchukuo, who his God was, why he did not marry and what was that thing he had in his hands (my rosary). Why was that man hanging on that cross, what sins did He commit, who that Lady was (the medal on my rosary). "Ah!" they would say. "That is hard to die on a cross like that; He must have suffered very much. And that Lady, she is beautiful—and you call her Mother? When we go home again, can we go to your church, *Shen Fu*? Can we too believe in God?" At this point, I might say, that the Fathers at T'ung Hua had long desired to enter the territory in which I now was, but because of the bandits, they had been unable to do so. Realizing that God uses the ways of men to spread a knowledge of our Faith, I saw that here, bandits or no bandits, was my opportunity to carry on Christ's command. With an insufficient knowledge of the language, having had but a year of study, I preached on all occasions, with the assistance of my catechist, the Word of God; so that with the exception of last month when we were on the road day and night, there was scarcely a day that the command



Above: Awe and wonderment on the faces of the children, radiant happiness on those of the Maryknoll Sisters; Father Burns' reception at the central mission in Fushun.

Left: Father Burns in borrowed furs, still with his "bandit" beard.

ALL ARE NOT CALLED, BUT ALL CAN



of God was not fulfilled.

If I recall rightly, it was April 26. Several members departed for a nearby camp to confer with their companions, but four men were left where we were. Three were playing cards, while the other, less vigilant than usual, dozed off. I, sitting on a tree stump outside of the cabin, said to Wu, "This is our chance," and Wu replied, "Let's go." He stood near the door looking into the cabin and motioned to me to go. I entered the woods less than 50 feet from the cabin, and thinking that Wu was behind me, I continued on. I had not gone a quarter of a mile, when I found that the snow in the woods had not thawed. I was in snow above my knees. At this time, the sun, which had been shining brightly, disappeared behind the clouds, and a sudden snowstorm arose.

Before me, I saw a hole in the foot of a tree, into which I squeezed, hoping that the storm would pass. I realized that my companion Wu and I were separated and knew not what he might have to face. I prayed, that should he be retaken, knowing his recapture would mean his death, that I also would be found, hoping thus to save his life. I had hardly finished my prayer when one bandit passed before me. Then a shout rang out from behind me, "Come out of there." I looked, and there stood one of the band with his revolver pointed at me. I came out and he commanded me to go back. He shouted to inform the others that he had found me, and they came and marched me back to the captain. Entering the cabin, I found Wu bound hand and foot to a pillar, his rosary hanging from his hands, his lips moving in prayer.

The Captain, Chang Te Ts'ai in-

formed me that had I not been found Wu's head would have been sent to the mission and then I knew that my prayer had been answered. Still, no punishment was meted out to me except that I was watched more closely.

As fall approached, a campaign against the bandits was opened, and towards the latter part of October I was again on the road. We were constantly fleeing from the soldiers. The entire group was now demanding my death of the captain, fearing that held back by my inability to maintain their speed, the soldiers would overtake them.

One day towards the end of this horrible period, as I sat curled up trying to warm my feet, my rosary slipping through my fingers, mention of my name by the bandits standing a few feet away, distracted me. Again there was a violent argument among the men as to whether they should kill me or not. I felt that I was soon to

Above: The young men of the Fushun center meet Father Burns, introduced by Monsignor Lane.

Right: Shorn again, the "bandit" beard captured by the barber.



part with the captain of my captors to meet the Eternal Captain into Whose service I had been called. There was neither fear nor uneasiness now or at any previous time, for I had been blessed with a consciousness that Divine Providence was watching over us.

Then Wu came and placed his hand upon my shoulder and said: "*Shen Fu*, Captain Chang wishes to speak to you; we are going home." With these words Wu stepped aside; Captain Chang stood before me and addressed me in those words with which this story begins.

We roamed about the woods stumbling along the path on to the road and into Liu-Tao-Kou, with joy and thanksgiving in our hearts for our fellow priests, Brothers and Sisters, our parents, our faithful Christians and our relatives and friends, throughout the world, whose prayers and sacrifices had won for us the grace to again take up our vocation of making known to the souls in my adopted country, the God whom they know not.

Father Clarence Burns, of Toledo, Ohio, was over nine months a prisoner of Manchu bandits. Captured February 5, 1936, he gained his freedom November 13, 1936. Part of his deeply impressive story appears herewith. The complete account may be had in pamphlet form:

Father Burns Among Manchu Bandits

Five cents a copy, \$4.00 per hundred.
Address: *The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.*

PRAY FOR VOCATIONS TO THE MISSIONS.

Fushun's Farthest Outpost—Linkiang

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Raymond A. Lane, of Lawrence, Mass., Prefect Apostolic of Fushun.



Father Geselbracht, of Chicago, Ill., is pastor of Linkiang and has done splendid work. During the political troubles a few years ago, he established and maintained three Red Cro's stations, at Linkiang, Fusang and Pa-taokiung, caring for the injured on both sides. This helped the Church very much, and converts have been made steadily since that time. Father Gerard Donovan, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who has been replacing the pastor during his furlough in the States, found the work growing to such proportions as to require the assistance of a curate. Father George Flick, of Oswego, N. Y., has now joined him at Linkiang.

Linkiang is perhaps the most difficult of Maryknoll's Manchu missions, since this section of some six thousand miles entails a great deal of fatiguing and, at times, dangerous travel. The Ch'ang-Pai Forest, one hundred miles square, is located in this district. The forest is alive with Robin Hoods, and officials recommend that our missionaries keep to the highway instead of making short cuts along woodland pathways. These restrictions have curtailed the work somewhat, preventing the missionaries from reaching all of their parishioners, but despite that, Linkiang again passed the hundred mark in adult Baptisms during the past year. It now counts a flock of 467 Christians.



If you have had the experience of a drive over Storm King Highway in New York, or the Pali in Honolulu, try to vision greater heights, narrower roads with no protecting wall, and you have some idea of a trip to Linkiang, Maryknoll's farthest outpost in Manchukuo. We spiraled up and down seven mountains to get there. At times, there were drops of six hundred to a thousand feet with nary a tree to stop the downward course. Even one lone pine, fifty feet below us, brought a bit of relief.

Crossing the last of these hills, the seventh in two days, we reached Chukochin. There, we boarded a ferry, crossed the Yalu to the Manchu side and reached Linkiang.

Above: Father Geselbracht, the pastor at Linkiang, baptizes a convert. Below: Procession of the Holy Eucharist at Linkiang, with one of the neighboring Knollers participating.



HAVE YOUR OWN WAY WITH YOUR WILL.



Fushun's Japanese



TENS of thousands of Japanese have entered Manchukuo in recent years, establishing themselves principally in the large cities. The Leased Territory of Kwantung, with Dairen at its tip, and the South Manchuria Railway Zone do not belong to Manchukuo politically, but they do fit into the picture geographically.

Maryknoll's Prefecture of Fushun includes the Kwantung Territory, where practically half of the Japanese live. From the standpoint of the Faith, therefore, Maryknoll has heaviest responsibility for the Manchukuoan Japanese.

One of Maryknoll's first accomplishments in Manchukuo was the establishment of a Japanese parish at Dairen. This parish has grown steadily until its parishioners now include over 600 souls. Hard work on the part of its pastors, and generosity on the part of its well-to-do members, have made it possible to erect an attractive church, flanked on one side by a

priests' residence and on the other, by a convent.

At Fushun, a small Japanese parish has also been established, with a chapel modestly tucked away on an avenue leading up to

a great Shinto shrine. A bandbox Japanese residence makes a fairly good start for a convent, since at present there is question of housing only two Sisters. There are sixty Catholics here.

A Japanese parish has also been established at Antung. Thus far, there are only forty Catholics. The chapel is unprepossessing, but land has been acquired for better things.

Above, left: A young lady of the Dairen parish. Center: Two dear old grandmothers of Dairen, with the daughter of one and Sister Peter, superior of the Dairen convent. Right: Two of the First Communion class. Below: Father O'Donnell and a study group of Japanese in Fushun.



INVEST IN A MARYKNOLL ANNUITY (SEE BACK COVER).



Lady Furiya smiles her greeting

Lady Furiya Recites "Dickory, Dickory, Dock"

ducted by two Maryknoll Sisters for just such tiny people. The Lady Furiya has learned her lessons well. She can dance, sing, recite, chortle, cheep and chirp, and enjoys the whole performance equally as much as the audience, which is saying much.

"Dickory, Dickory, Dock" is this talented queen of the kinder-

gathered about Him, so too the missionary interests himself in the doings of little Oriental people. If the missionary succeeds in winning the children, his quota of adult conversions is sure to increase. Where happy children lead the way, proud parents will not be far behind.



Dickory, dickory, dock;
The mouse ran up the clock;



The clock struck One.
The mouse ran down,



Dickory, dickory, dock.

LADY FURIYA, little Japanese maid with sleek black hair and big velvet pansies for eyes, flitted gayly down the street in a new kimono. Like a little butterfly she flew to the Maryknoll Father's porch, edged indoors and exacted the attention of a group of priests chatting out a recreation period.

Lady Furiya is the darling of the neighborhood and incidentally the star in a kindergarden con-

garten's most entertaining number. Brother Peter, Fushun's master photographer, caught her in all the glory of her new finery and the irresistible charm of her superb Delsarte.

The training of tiny tots is one method of approaching the mission problem, and it has proved successful at Fushun, in Manchukuo. Just as the attentive Christ found time to play Host to the small Hebrew children



Applause brings confusion

PAGANS COME SEEKING CHARITY AND FIND CHRIST. SUPPLY A

There Is a Boy Named Joseph

By Sister Maria Thyne, of Arlington, Mass., Sister-Nurse at Fushun.

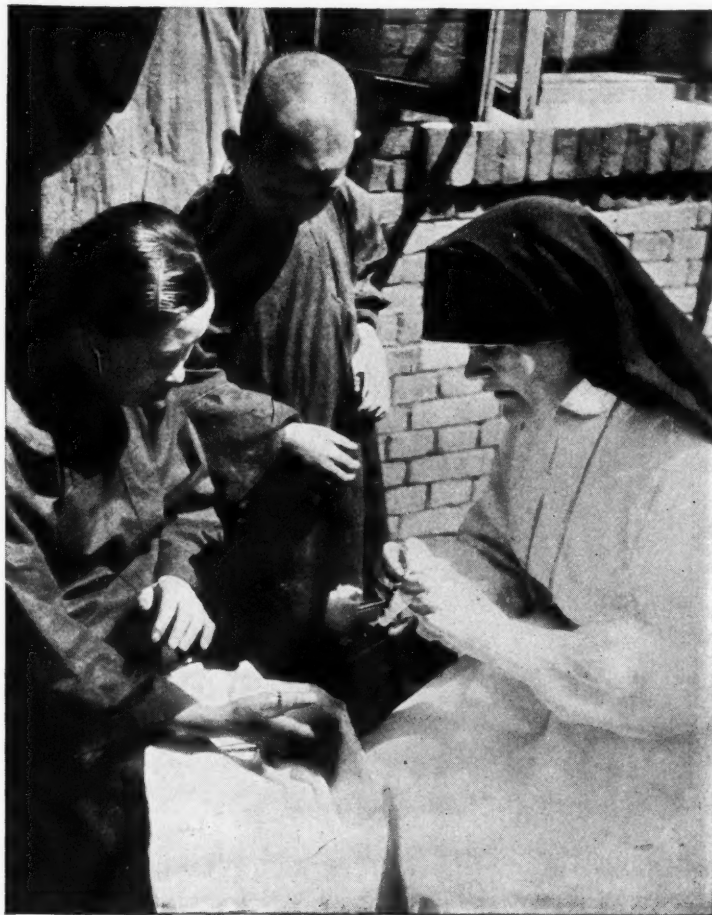


DISPENSARY hours at Fushun are from two-thirty to five-thirty every afternoon. Techela, a native novice, is my assistant. She seems to have the special gift of attracting pagans, many of whom would never have heard of Christ and His Church had they not contracted some disease. For example, there is a boy named Joseph:

A few weeks ago, Mr. Chen, a poor, hardworking, pagan from a distant village, brought his fifteen-year-old son to the dispensary for treatment. The boy had had infantile paralysis when he was three years old, and last year he



Above: Sister fixes up some burnt fingers. Below: One of the endless line of women patients who seek out the Maryknoll dispensary and sing its praises when relief follows.



DISPENSARY MEDICINE CHEST WITH CURE-ALLS AND BANDAGES.

had developed a tubercular ankle. A neighbor had told Mr. Chen that sick folks were being cured at the Fushun dispensary, so he brought his son, wheeling him all the way on a board balanced between two wheels.

I looked at Joseph's foot; one glance at it would convince anyone of the utter hopelessness of a cure. I told the father plainly that there was little I could do, urging him to try the Japanese hospital. But Mr. Chen had no money, so nothing remained for me to do but let Joseph come to the dispensary.

It was evident that the child was anaemic. I pondered: should I give the precious medicine samples I had received from the States to this lad, doomed to certain death, or keep them for some curable case needing just a little help along the road to health? Then, like a flash, came the thought of Mary Magdalen and the precious ointment; onlookers thought her too extravagant and wasteful. At any rate, Joseph took the tonic, happier for the interest taken in him.

Techela dresses Joseph's foot each day, and he is eagerly absorbing her words of instruction. Evidently, Joseph has made the most of his opportunity, for he is already prepared for Baptism. Each day he grows weaker and, no doubt, he will soon be enjoying real happiness.

Joseph's father has also asked to be received into the Church. He wishes to embrace the religion that has brought so much joy into his little boy's life.

Joseph is just one of the fifteen hundred patients we treat every year in our dispensary at Fushun.

Into the Royalty of Happy Hearts



IN America, orphans are the favorite charity of many Catholics. Happily, this charity extended across the ocean and has enabled us to open a small *crèche* and orphanage in Fushun.

Here we now have a "family" of eighteen girls, and already a number have gone to God.

They came to us in strange ways and for divers reasons. Elizabeth is not an orphan at all. Her parents are living, and while they find it difficult at times to care for their large family, still, they are not of the very poor. But Elizabeth is unfortunate in having one arm partially paralyzed; and being only a girl, she is doubly undesirable at home.

When Martha lost her father and mother, an old man took her into his home. Martha, who has very decided ideas of her own, wanted to study the Catholic religion and attend the mission school. Her foster father was a pagan and was, moreover, of the opinion that girls need not go to school. He had no real claim on the child, so an appeal to the priest at the mission eventually led to court proceedings, and Martha was officially given into the care of the Church.

Lucy and Monica are sisters. Two little pagans they were when they arrived at the orphanage. Some time after Baptism, it was discovered that Lucy had been sold by her father to marry a pagan boy. By this time, Lucy, though only a child, had set her heart on entering the native novitiate and had no desire to marry anyone, certainly not the pagan. These engagements are binding, and the boy could have in-



sisted that she marry him. Finally, however, he agreed to release her on the return of the seventy dollars he had paid her father, so Lucy is free again.

Teresa started life rather dramatically. At the age of three or four days, she was abandoned in the woods near Fushun. Later being picked up by a pagan woman, she was brought here. The few dirty rags in which she was wrapped, gave no clue whatever as to her identity. We have no idea who she really is.

There is nothing in the clothing, food or housing of these orphans to distinguish them from other Manchukuoan girls. They find their day full from half-past five when the church bell calls them for Mass, until evening when it again invites them to evening prayer. They are taught the various household arts, and even make their own shoes, having also an hour of religious instruction and five hours daily in school.

Thus, these children whom the Church now supports will, we hope, in their turn prove her bulwark.

Above: Smiles among the "grown-ups" at the Sisters' home. Center: "Tickle! Tickle!" One of the makers of loud laughter. Below: Rice, and what heaps of it!



JOIN MARYKNOLLERS IN THE NOVENA OF GRACE.



UR "novices," as we call them affectionately, are not novices at all, and their establishment is still far from being a novitiate. Because in their widely scattered homes, the "home father" and "home mother" did not consider it essential for a mere girl to learn to read the sacred Chinese characters, so now, at an age when in western lands girls are preparing to leave school, ours are pouring over their primers, or at best are finishing the lower elementary, the sixth year.

The girls sleep in two dormitories, under the wide windows of which on both sides run the *k'angs*, the brick beds, each girl's cubicle being sectioned off with short wooden screens. No sound breaks the stillness during the night, and the flicker of a vigil light reveals the statue of Our Lady watching over her sleeping children. They lead a semi-religious, normal, happy life. They rise at half-past five when the church bell calls Christians to morning prayer. In twenty minutes, blue-gowned, glossy, neatly bobbed black heads veiled, fresh and rosy-cheeked, they are ready for meditation before

the half-past six Mass.

Breakfast consists of *kao liang* (sorghum) and a cooked vegetable which varies with the season. Charges are then done.

At half-past eight, quiet settles over the novitiate, for the majority of the girls are bent over books for three hours continuously, with the exception of ten-minute intermission periods on the playground between classes. There is much to be learned during the precious hours.

The morning session closes with the physical exercise period. Noon prayers in church are followed by dinner, which is similar to breakfast, the sole distinction being the possible addition of a little meat or fish to the vegetable. One o'clock to half-past four is divided between classes and study periods, broken by short periods on the playground where volley ball is the favorite sport.

The next bell summons all to parish night prayers in church. At supper

THE mission fields and the homeland Knolls have many needs. If you cannot decide which need is greatest, make your Gift "Stringless." We prefer such.

time, there may be a treat in the line of fruit or cakes for dessert, after young and healthy appetites have again done justice to the staple sorghum. A study period follows during which home work is prepared; on Sundays this is used for spiritual reading in common.

School days vary scarcely at all, but on Wednesdays, all school activity ceases and manual labor begins in earnest. Bluegowns launder church linens, bake altar breads, scrub floors, wash windows, make vestments and candles.

At the close of recreation, thirty bluegowns again veil their heads and walk noiselessly, decorously to church for their evening visit with the King of Kings. The sanctuary lamp sheds its soft radiance over each quiet kneeling figure from whose heart rises the prayer of every true soldier of Christ,

"Not at my ease in the tent nor adream in the hall,

Not with my sword at my thigh and my lance at rest,

But full in the shock of the fray on the field let me fall,

With the Conqueror's voice in my ears and my eyes on His crest."

And they retire to rest only to dream again of conquering for the Captain Christ, the millions of their own countrymen who as yet know Him not.

SEND US YOUR INTENTIONS BEFORE MARCH 4.

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

Published by Ecclesiastical Authority.
Founded in 1907. Appears monthly
(except August).
Owned by the

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



MANY messages have flashed across the Pacific since it became a Maryknoll highway, but few brought such joyful relief as the recent cable announcing the liberation of Father Clarence Burns from captivity. As his unforgettable ten months in a Manchukuoan bandit camp stretched out, the solicitude for the young missionary grew commensurately. There was not a great deal anybody could do. Everything was tried. A dozen priests in the Fushun Mission had even offered to take his place. All was seemingly to no avail.

However, there was God. Easy for Him would be the solution of this problem, as of all problems, if the outcome we hoped for would be in accordance with His holy Will. We prayed, waited, trusted. It was clear that God would never desert our captive missionary in his extremity, but would rather redouble His protection. "I will dwell in the shadow of Thy wings, until the iniquity shall pass." (Ps. 56, 2)

The happy issue reminds us that the reason Maryknoll does not hesitate to send out its young apostles for God is because it sends them out *with* God. They sail uncharted seas and blaze pioneer trails, but they do not do it alone. With His all-pervading protection, by His never failing providence, in His actual sacramental presence, the Divine Missioner Himself accompanies them every step of the way. In His company they are safe. Through

His support they are secure. And with His blessing, whether in bandit camp or festal hall, they are content.



THIS month the Eucharistic Congress is taking place in Manila. Have you reflected upon what it means? Are you surprised to see this mighty outpouring of grace staged in that far flung isle of the Pacific at the end of the earth? It means that missionaries exiled themselves to that distant spot generations ago to prepare a welcome for their Eucharistic Lord, Who is now receiving it gloriously in the faith and devotion of a flock nine million strong. And other races will also gather there, not Parthians and Medes and Elamites, but strangers from India and China and Japan. "Lift up thy eyes round about and see: all these are gathered together, they are come to thee: thy sons shall come from afar." (Isaias 60, 4) Was it not worth the centuries of labor? It is Pentecost renewed.



IF the history of the world is merely a series of footnotes to the history of the Church, what shall we say of the part played therein by the secular clergy. "Like priest, like people," is a proverb. It is the parish priest who will be found at the bottom of most things, whether good or ill. His people follow him, either to the skies or to the bowwows, and eventually some kind of history will result. It may be after generations or even centuries, but the headlines are bound to come.

Maryknoll is proud to represent the secular priesthood of America,

AS catholic Catholics, our interest should be in the extension of Christ's Kingdom, anywhere and everywhere on the earth; and it should be manifested so far as our knowledge and opportunities will permit. — Bishop James Anthony Walsh.

and in partaking of its strength, it hopes also to contribute to its spirit. Certainly, America will not be harmed by the picture of its secular priests threading jungles and climbing mountains for Christ, but will rather be edified. Anything that helps the secular priest helps all the rest of us who depend on him. For there is nothing quite so crucial in shaping the destinies of the world, as the loftiness of his standard and the strength of his ideal.



CHRIST enshrined His religion in the hearts of men by acts, and He engraved it in the minds of men by words. He reared no temples. He raised no edifice of brick and stone. He knew they were necessary, but he was putting first things first, so He left the material building to others, content to establish the spiritual edifice from which all else would follow.

We must erect our needed temples of brick and mortar to house our holy religion, but we must also build temples of words to enshrine it in all its beauty before the gaze of men. It is something to hint at its glory in the poetry of stone, but far more vital is it to limn that glory in words. Gothic spires can indeed elevate and inspire, but words have power to pierce and melt, haunt and thrill, bless and burn. For there are sermons indeed in stones, but there are symphonies in words, and Christ must be lifted up in hymns that reach the skies, until He draws all things to Himself.

Press month reminds us of this necessary apostolate. Would you give a world to Christ? Build Him churches; love the beauty of His house, and the place where His glory dwelleth. But do not overlook the most powerful and far-reaching means of all to bring Him into His own. Support the Catholic press that is translating Him in eloquence and power to a world that lives by the printed word.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS DEFENDS THE CHURCH AND PROTECTS HER INTERESTS; IT

Father Price Of Maryknoll

By the Most Rev. James Edward Walsh, M.M., D.D., on the occasion of the transfer of Father Price's remains from Hong Kong to Maryknoll cemetery.



AND we know that to them that love God all things work together unto good, to such as according to His purpose are called to be saints. (Rom. 8, 28)

Maryknoll was founded by two men, quite dissimilar in their natural character, but quite similar in their supernatural outlook, and entirely one in their God-given ideal. God had prepared each carefully for his place in the work, and He chose them no doubt for their differences as well as their similarities.



Bishop Walsh came from a central stronghold of the Faith in the north with a background of vigorous Catholic life, where he had spent years of personal service in the cause of foreign missions. Father Price came from that section of the south where the Faith is least known, after a lifetime of spending himself in zealous labor for the home missions. Bishop Walsh brought to the new work a great talent for organization and direction; Father Price brought to it mainly a great ardor for its dissemination and extension. Both brought to it an absolutely single mind—the rarest of all virtues, and one that can only spring from a complete forgetfulness of self and a boundless love for God and souls. Bishop Walsh labored as a wise architect to erect the strong and solid edifice, and he left it stamped at every turn with the mark of his judicious and benign hand; Father Price was rather the sower who scatters the good seed, now up and down the land to promote the work from without, now in and out of the training ground to strengthen it from within, and he has bequeathed to it the perfume of his spirit.



The work of founders is a great work, theirs is a special role, and for

this God develops great and special men. We are not surprised to find this providential law exemplified in the founders of Maryknoll.



It was the lot of Father General to remain as the active head of Maryknoll, to develop its organization, while to Father Price fell the assignment of leading Maryknoll's first band to the mission field. It was an assignment he treasured. Veteran of many years of the hardest sort of home mission work in the most uphill part of America, he was ready at the age of fifty-eight to initiate the foreign mission work of America. Some said he was too old. He was old, but not too old, for in spirit, in eagerness, in enthusiasm, he was the youngest man in the group. He had all the fire and zeal of youth, together with the wisdom and benignity of age.

In China the career of Father Price was short. He lived there only nine months before he took sick and died. Yet it was time enough for him to accomplish a vital thing. He gave the new work a direction. It was dedication to zeal for souls as the spirit of the work, and concentration on the mission work as the means to express it.



It is far from being as obvious and automatic as it sounds. There are many interesting things in China besides souls. There is self, for instance, which is always interesting to selfish human nature. There is the easy life, which has its appeal for weak human nature. There is the undisciplined life, which is the tendency of headstrong human nature. There are attractions and distractions of every kind that pull and tug, and whisper and flatter, and they have power to make the missionary in China forget what he came for. Father Price knew this. He never succeeded in learning the Chinese language or in knowing how to regulate a Chinese mission. The time was too short

for that. But he knew how to regulate the Chinese missionary. He knew that the success of the work would depend upon the success of the man who performs it, and he knew that the way to make him succeed was to hold him up to his ideal. Zeal for souls was his keynote. He saw the core of the problem and he put the emphasis there.



Just how the Chinese around him, both Catholic and pagan, were able in those short nine months to appreciate his character seems to be something of a mystery. His Chinese vocabulary was limited to "God bless you" and a few other phrases, so that he could not communicate his spirit or his thought to any extent by means of speech. He was very busy as the superior, he was badly hampered by rheumatism, he was an uprooted man struggling to adjust himself to entirely new and strange surroundings in his old age. He had everything against him in the human sense. But difficulties do not harm a man; they only show what manner of man he is. The Chinese are a very observant race, and they quickly saw there was something unusual in the queer-looking old foreign priest, stammering their language, crippled by their climate, yet smiling and serene amid all his difficulties, and totally oblivious of self in his constant desire to help them. "He has virtue," they used to say of Father Price. And if you go to Yeung-kong today, the mission where he spent only nine months, and that eighteen years ago, and ask if they remember *P'o Shan Foo*, they will answer, "Yes, that was the holy priest."



Founders are also models. Our founders are not dead in any real sense. They not only live the perfect life in Heaven, but they also live forever on earth in their children, nor can they die as long as Maryknoll lasts to continue their work and perpetuate their spirit. Only we must follow their example.

INFORMS THE CLERGY; IT INSTRUCTS THE LAITY. — BISHOP SHAUGHNESSY, SEATTLE.

A Gift Out Of Bad Breath River

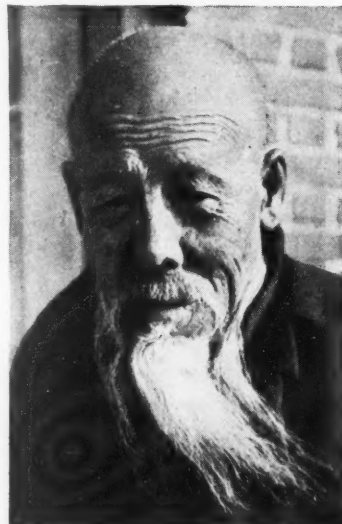
By Rev. Edward A. Weis, of Milwaukee, Wis.



Left: Paul arrives.

Right: Lao Wang, Paul's fairy godfather at the mission.

Below: The smile begins to bloom!



ASTER Paul Sun greets everybody with a ready smile these last few days, and no wonder. He's the pet of the compound, and as such holds preferred stock in everybody's affections. Dividends take the form of little attentions which must be the first he has ever received. In fact, if he has heard of heaven before, he must think he's there now.

His biography is simple and similar to that of many waifs in China. He was born seven years ago. Both his parents died when he was very young, and he was left in the care of a disinterested stepfather. Paul suffered from a lingering sickness caused chiefly by lack of food. And then—here's where we met Master Paul.

Late one evening, a knock came at the mission gate, followed by the wail of a child in pain. The gatekeeper opened to a young man carrying a famished-looking skeleton of a child. He had applied for help at the local authorities and was informed he could receive it at the Catholic Church. The man's *Good Samaritan* face was proof

enough for the genuineness of his story, which follows.



On his way home from work, he was attracted by a crowd gathered on the bank of Bad Breath River which disgraces the outskirts of fair Fushun. To pass without taking a *look see* himself would have been simply unoriental. To his amazement he saw a little lad lying in a dirty puddle. Although pagan, the scene aroused the man's sympathy. Elbowing through the crowd he bundled the miserable tot into his jacket and started for home. Lack of means soon got the better of his charity, and that's what finally brought the child to us. One glance at the waif was enough to make the *Spiritual Father* select a saint's name and look for the cleansing waters.

After the care of Paul's soul came that of his wrecked little body. Luckily, we had a kind Sister Nurse to help us.

Our waif is past the danger point now. Four meals a day still leave him hungry. Chances are, he'll be with us a good many moons, and judging from the dramatic start, his career ought to be promising. The missionary hopes that the story of Paul may intrigue some mission lover back home.

WILL YOU ADOPT OUR LITTLE WAIF PAUL?

Fushun's Knives And Needles

Skill and devotion have brought success to Fushun's MISSIONARTS



OUR wood carving grew out of a practical need. In 1932, we were constructing a chapel at Fushun. The plans called for a wood-carved baldachino, crucifix, tabernacle and candlesticks. On inquiry we found a clever young workman named Kuan. He did such good work that we decided to keep him busy.

A *Missionarts* project gradually evolved and Kuan now finds himself the master craftsman in charge of eight carvers, four of whom are apprentices and Christians.

The venture has passed its fourth birthday, and before the fifth we hope to produce a Madonna and other mod-



els, following the Oriental motive.

Lao Chang came to us when making surplices and repairing vestments required considerable more time than

could be spared by our Sisters, then in their difficult first year of Chinese language study. Her first few tasks of vestment repair were executed with such minute care and excellence, that we decided to have her make a cope. The result was satisfying.

Missionarts came into existence with the production of that first cope. Since then, under the direction of the Maryknoll Sisters, *Missionarts* has supplied vestments to various parts of the world and dreams of the day when its own Oriental artists will combine "the Christian religious heritage and the oriental artistic heritage."



Above: A corner of the wood-carving shop.

Left: Mary Ann passes judgment on the latest of Our Lady and Child.

Center and right: Products of the vestment makers.



MISSIONARTS CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH VESTMENTS.

Snake Mountain Village Idea—

Perhaps other schools would be interested in the idea of the boys and girls of a parish in Maryland, who for several years now have adopted the school at Snake Mountain Village, in the mission of Father John Toomey, of New Bedford, Mass. They gather one hundred dollars a year and have the pleasure of knowing that the growing generation, of Snake Mountain, has them to thank, under their devoted Catholic teacher for their training in the three R's.

**THE MISSIONERS:**

Rev. W. R. Booth, *Administrator*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fr. L. Sweeney, of Conn.; Fr. Markham, of Ill.; Frs. Pospichal and Steinbach, of Iowa; Frs. Chisholm, Connors, Hunt, Peloquin, Plunkett and M. Walsh, and Bros. Raymond and William, of Mass.; Frs. Petipren and Barron, of Mich.; Fr. Craig, of Minn.; Bro. Joseph, of N. J.; Frs. Borer, Carroll, Cleary, Gibbons, S. Hannon, Harding, Nolan, Pardy and J. Ray, of N. Y.; Frs. Cappel and Kramer, of Ohio; Bro. Augustine, of Pa.; and Fr. Duffy, of Ireland.

Central address:
Catholic Mission,
P.O. Box 23, Peng Yang,
Korea

A Small-Package Hospital—

"A hospital that does not take long to inspect is the one operated at Peng Yang," says an old-time missionary in the north. "As soon as you get inside the front door, you have seen it all. Your left eye encounters a cubbyhole that houses the administration, by constituting a combined office, reception room, community room, refectory and dormitory, for the two Maryknoll Sisters who staff the place. Meanwhile, your right eye is gazing upon the hospital proper which consists of the other room, wherein are miraculously jammed ten beds, that usually contain ten of

YOUR ADDRESS

HAVE you moved? We should know your new address. Please send it to us, together with the old address; and thereby save Maryknoll work, time, worry, and money.

Peng Yang's poorest poor. A two-room hospital is something new in small packages. There is, however, a chapel since a cupboard that houses the Blessed Sacrament can surely be called such."

Home Among the Paddies—

Father Stephen Hannon, of New York City, has moved to the rice paddies of Un Yang Si. Thus, the latest mission of the Peng Yang Prefecture has come into being. It is a division of Hiken where Father Hannon has labored successfully. Father James Ray, of Boston, remains behind at Hiken to continue the good work there.

**THE MISSIONERS:**

Rt. Rev. Msgr. R. A. Lane, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Lawrence, Mass.; Fr. J. J. Walsh, of Conn.; Fr. Kaschmitter, of Idaho; Fr. Geselbracht, of Ill.; Fr. Hewitt, of Md.; Frs. Comber, Gilbert, Henry, A. Murphy and E. Ryan, of Mass.; Fr. Hohlfeld, of Neb.; Fr. Quirk, of N. H.; Frs. Escalante, Flick, Haggerty, Murrett, J. O'Donnell and Ziemba, and Bros. Benedict and Peter, of N. Y.; Fr. Clarence Burns, of Ohio; Frs. G. Donovan and Mullen, of Pa.; Fr. Weis, of Wis.; Fr. Jacques, of Canada; and Fr. J. McCormack, of Ireland.

Central address:
Catholic Mission, Fushun,
Manchukuo

Thanks for a Beam or Two—

We send our sympathy and assurance of prayers to Father George Haggerty, of Sin Pin, whose father died recently at his home in St. Johnsville, N. Y. We received from Father George a letter in which he talks about his church roof.

"A roof that leaks is evil enough," he says, "but one that persists in gradually approaching the floor is a delusion and a snare. Of course, a new church in Sin Pin would do nicely, even without Venetian blinds and Oriental rugs. In fact, we would be most grateful for a beam or two, a few tiles and some nails, to keep the cruel rain, the crueler snow and the blistering sun from our rapidly expanding tonsure."

Chicago Without the "ic"—

Father Hohlfeld explains that the name Ch'a Kou is pronounced like Chicago, without the "ic." The station is one of the most historic in Manchukuo. It was founded by French missionaries in 1823, and the seminary for Korea was located there during persecution days in that country. Just de Bretenières lived there before stealing into Korea, where, after some years of apostolate, he was martyred.

Father Jacques, formerly of London, Ontario, and now pastor, took leave to go on furlough recently. The Christians killed two hogs for the farwell feast, and the guests presented him with nine banners of praise. Aside from the occasional uneasiness born of the times, Ch'a Kou is an attractive village in a picturesque countryside, a bit of Manchukuoan Arcadia.

Love of the Manchu Woods—

"If one wishes a liberal education in the love of the woods," writes Monsignor Lane, "one needs only walk abroad with a group of our Fushun seminarians. They not only know the names of the flowers, insects, snakes, birds and small game, but they are ready with lectures on the habits and peculiarities of each.

"Snakes are plentiful near the seminary, and the boys think nothing of extracting their fangs and then curling them about their bodies, circus-man fashion.

"Our seminarians love flowers and know almost to the day, when each will bloom. It is not uncommon to find, at the windows in the seminary, tiny plants being nursed into flowering by our tireless little youngsters.

"Such hobbies reveal something worth while in their characters. The Manchu priest will be rich in interests and culture, a thorough Christian gentleman."

"THOSE WHO SHARE IN THE BURDEN OF

An Interesting Missioner—

Few Maryknoll missioners, let us dare utter the words, are as interesting as Father Alonzo. It is a consoling Providence which raises up in Mexico, during these years of bitter persecution, such fine flowers of gay and buoyant zeal as this young priest. Father Escalante's family is of the valiantly loyal Catholic aristocracy which has suffered most in Mexico; yet, earthly misfortune has not distracted him from giving himself completely to planting the faith overseas.

**THE MISSIONERS:**

Very Rev. P. J. Byrne, *Superior*, of Washington, D. C.; Fr. Witte, of Ind.; Bro. Clement, of Kan.; Frs. Briggs, J. Daly and Mackesy, of Mass.; Frs. McKillop and Whitlow, of N. Y.; Fr. Boesflug, of N. D.; and Fr. Felsecker, of Wis.

Central address:

Maryknoll Fathers,
53 Nishiki, Otsu, Japan

From St. Joseph's to St. Joseph's—

Tucked away in the ancient city of Hikone, is the diminutive but charming mission station which bears the name of St. Joseph. There is something attractive in the fact that great St. Joseph's Parish in New York City has sponsored its namesake in the Lake Biwa region of Japan. Recently, St. Joseph's in New York promoted another card party at which over \$400 was secured for the Hikone mission work. Father William Whitlow, formerly of that parish, is pastor at Hikone with Father Joseph Daly, of Worcester, Mass., as his assistant.

Light for the Night—

Nakano San was one of five, all of whom were in a school for the blind, all of whom were losing their sight. The other four committed suicide; Nakano San was alone.

BESIDES maintaining its house of training, Maryknoll seeks funds for its missions and welcomes any gifts you are able to direct to it for this purpose. All should understand, however, that each mission territory is a little world in itself, the needs of which cannot always be met from the purse of Mother Maryknoll. This explains why you occasionally receive a special request from one or other of your Maryknoll missioner acquaintances. Smile on it as a proof of his zeal for souls!

Nakano San fled, for he saw with horror that he too was losing his courage. He went to another home for the blind in northern Japan and sought to find those who could strengthen him. Among them was a young girl. She was already blind, but light-hearted and joyful always. He asked her the reason for her happiness and she said, "With the eyes of my body I cannot see, but with the eyes of my Faith I see everything."

Seeking an explanation, he found that she was a Catholic. Thus, through her influence Nakano San came to the home of a Maryknoller. He wanted the light of Faith so that when the fast descending night would come over him, he would possess within, that which would never fail him.

"Recently, we baptized him Paul," writes one of the Knollers in Japan. "He stands ready now, with inward riches which loss of his sight, or even of life itself, will never take from him."

**THE MISSIONERS, Los Angeles:**

Fr. Lavery, of Conn.; Fr. Martin, of Wis. (pro tem.); Bros. Paul and Theophane, of Mass.; Bro. Ambrose, of Holland.
Address: Maryknoll Fathers, 426 So. Boyle Ave.

THE MISSIONERS, Seattle:

Fr. Tibesar, of Ill.; Fr. Joyce and Bro. Adrian, of Mass.; Bro. Charles, of N. Y.
Address: Maryknoll Fathers, 1603 E. Jefferson St.

A Non-Christian Had Something to Offer—

Mrs. Saito Yamagura, a non-Chris-

tian in Los Angeles, became very ill, and physicians warned her that unless she consented to the destruction of the child to whom she was soon to give birth, she would certainly die.

The distraught young wife sought the advice of Father Hugh Lavery, of Maryknoll's Japanese Mission.

"Murder is forbidden by the law of God," she was told. "Surely, God will not punish you for obeying His commands. Trust in God, pray earnestly, and you will not be disappointed in Him."

Mrs. Saito Yamagura prayed to the God of Whom she knew so little and, at the pastor's suggestion, placed her case in the hands of the Virgin Mother.

A few months later, a Japanese woman walked briskly down the aisle of the Maryknoll Mission chapel. Father Lavery, who was kneeling in prayer at the moment, saw her stop before the statue of the Blessed Virgin and hold out a little brown-faced infant. When the woman turned he saw that it was Mrs. Saito Yamagura. Her face beamed with happiness as she hurried across the church.

"Father," she whispered, "God heard my prayer. I'm entirely well. I have just consecrated my little boy to the Mother of God. If I had not trusted in God, perhaps neither of us would be here today. Please, let us both be baptized so that we may thank God for helping us."

Mutually Beneficial—

The "Inquiry Class" at Seattle, conducted entirely in Japanese by Father Leopold Tibesar, formerly of Quincy, Ill., enables him to speak the language, while those seeking instruction in the Faith receive it in their native tongue.

Father Tibesar tells us that our priests working among the Orientals in this country are not bereft of a missioner's consolations, as instanced recently when one of his parishioners died.

"I missed Mrs. Takizakis at Mass one morning, and later in the day, one of her children came to the rectory for a priest. I only had time to administer the last Sacraments. Just before she died, Mrs. Takizakis thanked God publicly for her Faith, her husband and her children. The family accepted the terrible shock in a fine Christian spirit of calm resignation."

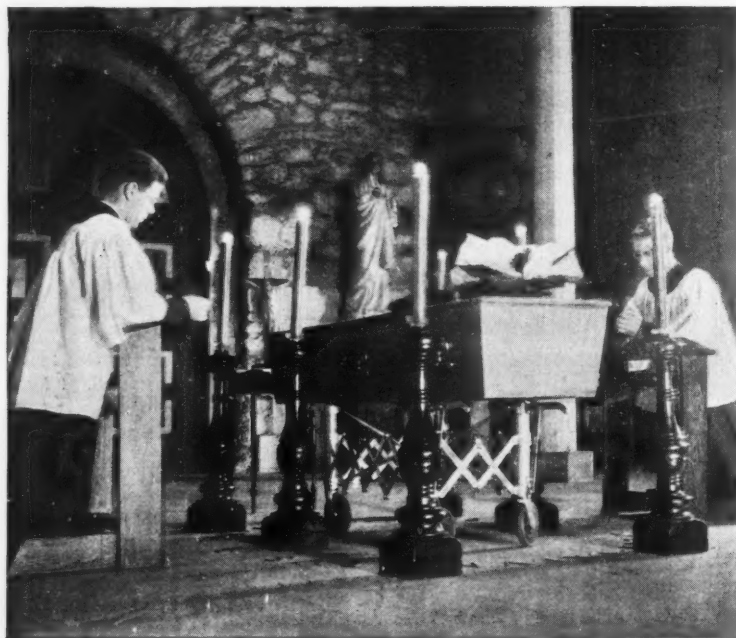
AN APOSTLE ALSO SHARE HIS REWARD."

Now Two Graves

The Re-Interment of Father Price

ON December 8, the rough-hewn walls of the rotunda at Maryknoll welcomed home the remains of Father Thomas Frederick Price (1860-1919), which until recently reposed in the Happy Valley Cemetery at Hong Kong. In a simple gray casket the revered

None from outside the walls had been expected. Maryknoll did not venture to play the host to Father Price's friends, who would have taxed the capacity of a larger seminary than ours. Only North Carolina was represented. Two festoons of palms, with white lilies



Funeral tapers cast their golden glow upon the features of young Americans sworn to follow the footprints of Father Price up the slopes of a mission Calvary. In their praying, hope, taught by faith, reads a glorious answer.

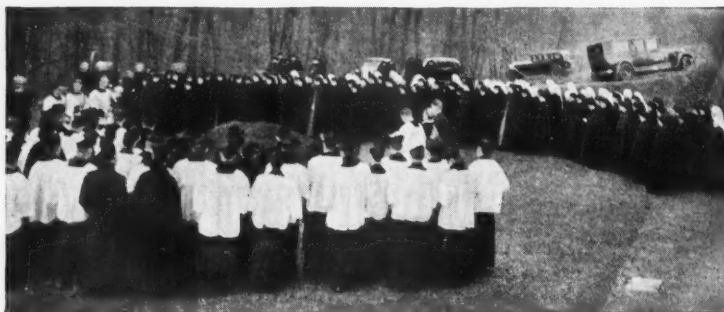
bones of the servant of Mary Immaculate came to rest on her feast day, between two rows of lighted candles and under the glow of a Chinese lantern.

Less than seven months before, the same doors that opened to receive the remains of Father Price had closed for the last time on those of Bishop James Anthony Walsh (1867-1936), his associate in the founding of Maryknoll. Another Bishop Walsh, the recently elected Superior General, now met the remains.



The return to Maryknoll on December 8, 1936, of the body of V. Rev. Thomas Frederick Price, co-founder of Maryknoll, who died in Hong Kong on September 12, 1919.

resting against their bright green leaves, were on the casket, one from a niece of the dead priest, the other from co-workers in the home mission field of his native State. Bishop Hafey of Raleigh, N.C., whose diocese shelters the mission work begun by Father Price at Nazareth, arrived in time for the re-interment in the mid-afternoon. With him were a few priests of New York who as sem-



Priests, Brothers and Sisters gathered at the Maryknoll cemetery as the remains are lowered to their place beside Bishop Walsh, his companion founder, who passed away April 14, 1936.

MARY IMMACULATE'S MISSION MESSAGE TO THE WORLD THROUGH

inarians at Dunwoodie had served in the North Carolina Apostolate and had worked with Father Price.

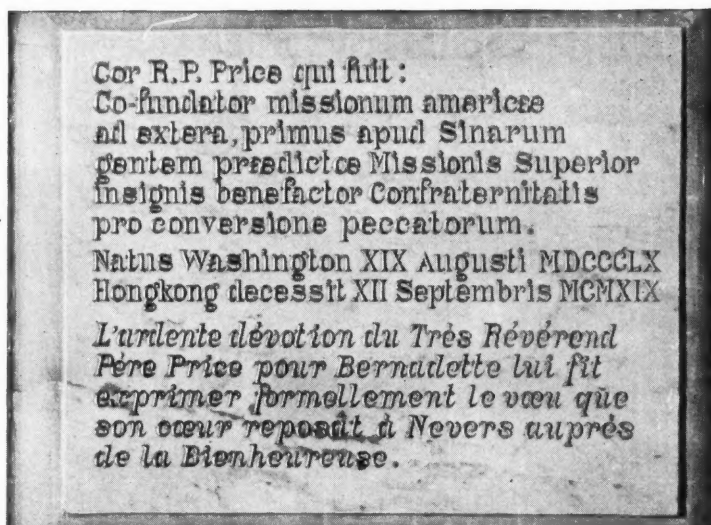
Before the remains were taken to our God's acre, Bishop Walsh spoke in the rotunda, drawing from memories of early days a vivid picture of the humble, "other-worldly" priest, who with the late Bishop James Anthony Walsh was God's good instrument in the establishment of Maryknoll and its introduction into the mission fields of the Far East.

The brief liturgy which the Church prescribes was chanted, and then under a cloudless sky Bishop Walsh committed the precious bones to a grave beside that of our departed first Father General. Fittingly do their remains

Above: Marble slab in the chapel at Nevers, France, where St. Bernadette of Lourdes is entombed, which, after a biographical note on Father Price, reads: "The ardent devotion of the Very Reverend Father Price for Bernadette prompted him to vow formally that his heart should repose at Nevers, near the Saint."

Father Price's wish was fulfilled, and thus, while his body is at Maryknoll, his heart is at Nevers, brought there in 1919.

Below: Father Price's departure from Maryknoll, September 8, 1918, as head of the first Maryknoll mission band.



together bless the soil where many of their Maryknoll sons and daughters will sleep until God's angel bids them rise for judgment.

So a chapter closes. Two priests found Maryknoll; one labors and dies overseas, the other in the homeland. Now two graves, side by side.

Pou—	福	Universal
ri—	爾	Jewel
ce.	德	here.

Official name given to Father Price by the Chinese authorities at Peking, 1918.



ST. BERNADETTE OF LOURDES: PRAY AND WORK FOR CONVERSIONS.

The Bounty Page



Bringing home the bacon, which to Jimmie and Johnnie means a bundle of wood while to us it means a bundle of greenbacks to pay the bill-collector, American, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Manchukuoan.

IT was a Maryknoll custom in the early days to write to all Knoll friends at Christmas and during Lent, to drop one of those Maryknoll hints that a bit of help would be mighty welcome. It was always done with a prayer. On each occasion, priests, students, and Sisters, stormed heaven for the sorely needed assistance.

When mission bands began departing for the Orient each July, a third letter was added in early summer to meet the traveling expenses. The response of our friends has always been loyally constant. Large gifts have been the exception, but small gifts of one and two dollars, with a good sprinkling of fives, are numerous. The lines of greeting and encouragement which frequently accompany them are a tonic. Nothing during the year so builds up our happy satisfaction in the confidence we enjoy than the mail bag during these days.

We do not wish to jeopardize that confidence. Hence, we decided a short while ago to return to the original program of two letters a year. We, therefore, abolished the Lenten request. Once again we have but two, the Christmas Letter and the Departure Letter.

We thank you for your kindness to us in your replies to our Christmas Letter of 1936.

Among notable gifts received during the month are \$250 for the Dunwoodie Seminary Burse, and

donations for catechists in five of our missions. The latter gifts came through priests who wished their names withheld. There have also been several annuities.

PLAN OF A PRIEST

"A DOCTOR friend of mine," writes a priest in Chicago, "recently drew up his will and at my suggestion left \$1,000 to Maryknoll. I hope to induce others to do likewise."

Only one who enjoys esteem and confidence can make such a suggestion. This is one reason why we prize so highly our priest friends.

IN YOUR WILL

DON'T overlook Maryknoll.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby give, devise, and bequeath unto the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.* (Maryknoll's legal title), the sum of_____

Dollars.

This legacy to be used by the said *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.*, for the purposes for which it is incorporated.

We give Thee thanks, Almighty God, for all Thy gifts which we have received from Thy bounty.

During the month Maryknoll has been remembered in wills in California, Idaho, New York and Massachusetts. We were also happy to receive from the headquarters of the Connecticut school teachers' association a check, payable to us through the kindness of one of the members recently deceased who named us as her beneficiary. This may prove a practical suggestion for other school teachers.

CIRCLES AND SPONSOR CLUBS

WE feel deeply grateful to the parish priests of the country, who have so generously spoken a good word for Maryknoll whenever occasion presented itself. For this reason, we wish never to employ any method of securing assistance which will cause embarrassment to our friends among the parish clergy.

This explains why of late years we have not emphasized the idea of Circles. We appreciate thoroughly how useful are the devoted activities of Circle workers. However, large and widely publicized benefits directed by Circles sometimes interfere with parish sodalities and with other parish projects. Hence our hesitation.

When the Maryknoll Circle is encouraged by the pastor, this is ideal. Most Circles limit their activities to quiet house parties, and organize themselves much along the line of Sponsor Clubs.

This is the plan followed by one of our oldest groups in Massachusetts. The young women have undertaken to support a missionary for one week each month, and thus must raise eighty-four dollars a year. This is done by a series of house parties at which there are usually ten or twelve bridge fours. The goal is reached without annoyance to anyone and without great public notice.

Last year a Cincinnati Circle provided 200 days of support. The

BE NOT ASHAMED, THEREFORE, TO MAKE YOURSELVES BEGGARS FOR

Little Flower Circle, of Milwaukee, Wis., ended 1936 with a full year's support, and the members have pledged themselves to do the same for 1937. The funds are raised by small house parties, entailing little publicity and work.

The Good Shepherd Circle, of Chelsea, Mass., though small, has been supporting a missionary for five days each month for over a year.

This is the Maryknoll policy. Better by far is it to labor quietly for a conveniently attainable sum each year and to continue each following year to measure up to the same moderate level, than to unbalance the Circle's position by an expansion which can only be short-lived and harmful.

ALL THE "RAGE"—OUR SUPPORT-A-MISSIONER DIME CARD

THEY promise to be the season's "rage," these ten cent catchers. The adherents of the Support-a-Missioner Dime Card become more numerous and more enthusiastic daily. With the aid of friends, these helpers of the Knoll slip ten dimes into their card in the course of the thirty days and, at the end of the month, send us a dollar check or money order. Thus our hungry-eyed bookkeeper receives the wherewithal to buy food and house needs for one of our overseas Knollers for one day. The dime card begins its work anew.

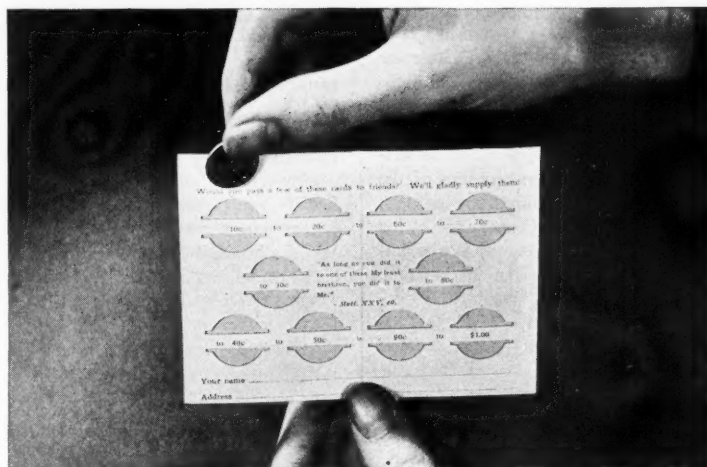
That our helpers are frequently among the poor, the following notes attest:

My husband has not been working and I find it hard going. This week, however, he was employed three days so I am sending you three dollars for my three months' sponsor arrears.—*Long Island.*

The Lord and His Blessed Mother have granted me so many favors, I feel that I should help somebody. Enclosed is a money order for \$5.00, to support a missionary one day for five months. Please remind me when the time is up.—*Washington, D. C.*

CHRIST made sacrifice the test of love.

SOMETHING NEW! THE SUPPORT - A - MISSIONER DIME CARD



From time to time, between the beginning and the end of the month you can run into 10 spare dimes, can you not? They can be your own or someone else's! Ten dimes will support a

Maryknoll missionary for one day.

At the end of the month turn the dimes into a check or money order and put the card to work again! It is interesting enough to try!

CUT ME OUT AND MAIL ME!

The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll P.O., New York

Please send me one of the new SUPPORT-A-MISSIONER DIME CARDS. I believe I can find 10 dimes (my own or someone else's!) to care for a missionary for one day.

My name:

My address:

.....

CHRIST AND FOR THE SALVATION OF SOULS. — POPE PIUS XI.

Our World of Missions



NOTABLE feature of the improved Catholic press of recent years has been the larger attention given to questions regarding the world Church, that is, to the world-wide mission activities of the Church.

One reason for better attention to missions is the improved supply of mission information. Father Rosa, eminent Jesuit who during the anticlerical days of Pope Pius X wielded his valiant pen in defense of the Church, principally as editor of the "Civiltà Cattolica" which was a quasi official organ of the Holy See, once remarked that for years, Pope Benedict XV and then Pope Pius XI insisted with him that more should be said about missions by periodicals which could speak with authority. But during those years, Father Rosa explained, it was in desperation that a busy editor sought reliable facts for the exposition of the Church's mission work.

Now this has been altered, first of all, by the development in Rome of a more extensive bureau of mission information and statistics, served by a large mission library, and disseminating material to the press regularly through a news agency called Fides Service.

In individual countries where national press agencies exist, they likewise recognize the importance of providing data on missions which can be printed as issued, or employed for more comprehensive articles in the magazines of thought. In the United States, where we possess what has come to be recognized as the Catholic world's most excellent news agency, the N.C.W.C. News Service, no week passes without the distribution of a number of mission news items, some inconsequential, it is true, but others touching upon great principles of mission policy. Like the steady dropping of water, all this has its part in the penetration of mission activities into the life of the Church.

Monsignor Thomas McDonnell—

We receive the news that an old Maryknoll friend, of New York, chosen as National Director for the Propagation of the Faith in the United States a few months ago, has been named a Domestic Prelate. Our heartfelt congratulations to Rt. Rev. Monsignor Thomas McDonnell!

Monsignor Quinn, under whom the Society made such magnificent strides, is forced by illness to abandon the reins. We shall miss his familiar figure and his warm fellowship in our labors. Monsignor McDonnell has worked but a few blocks from him as Director of the New York Propagation Office on Lexington Avenue. He can proudly point to the fact that he is a product of the training of New York's zealous and beloved missionary, the late Bishop John J. Dunn.

Missions and Apologetics—

We at Maryknoll were particularly impressed with the interest shown by the secular press with regard to Father Burns' captivity and release. During the months of his captivity, the large press agencies asked regularly for news of him. At his release, the New York Times carried a very satisfactory story on its first page, and dailies throughout the country gave prominence to a cable story secured by the Japanese national press bureau in conjunction with the Associated Press.

Riding through a tiny hamlet in the Pennsylvania mountains shortly after word came of his freedom, two Maryknollers were accosted by non-Catholics who wished to rejoice with them in the liberation of this Catholic priest in Manchukuo. Thoughtful Catholics in every walk of life see the apologetic value which comes from the impression missions create; that is, that the Church is a zealous, campaigning institution, seeking to work good in every corner of the globe.

CAN you not win a soul for Christ?

Our note pages on men and things missionary

Archbishop Mitty's Pastoral—

In the early years, one of Maryknoll's special friends was the pastor of Highland Falls, N. Y., next-door neighbor to West Point. He is now Archbishop of San Francisco, His Excellency, the Most Reverend John J. Mitty, and there his friendship continues. Since his predecessor, Archbishop Hanna, was also extremely kind, there are few places in the country where Maryknoll counts the number and warmth of friends which it possesses in the City of the Golden Gate.

Last autumn, Archbishop Mitty issued a pastoral on home and foreign missions, regarding which we shall have more to say later. Suffice it to note now that besides the paragraph devoted to commendation of Maryknoll, the document sets forth in a highly satisfactory way the great principles of the Church on the world propagation of the Faith.

Missionary Seven League Boots—

Many methods have been evolved to multiply the missionary, but Father Paul Schulte, O.M.I., is advocating a very practical one. His scheme is to equip them all with seven league boots in the form of motor cycles, motor boats, automobiles and even aeroplanes.

Father Schulte is founder of the MIVA, an organization with headquarters in Aachen, Germany, which aims to provide better means of transportation for missionaries in their apostolic journeyings. We believe he is right in his contentions that many missionaries could double, even quadruple, themselves had they modern conveyances in the field.

Father Schulte, now in the United States, has two great assets in winning followers: first, his delightful personality; secondly, his excellent mission film which gripped the Maryknoll community during his recent visit.

Thinking of the Missioner—

The editors of The Spiritual Book Associates' monthly bulletin have very kindly suggested that missionaries would welcome a subscription to the best ten spiritual books of each year, as recommended by the Associates. Thanks to

FOR THE FAITH WHICH WE HAVE RECEIVED FROM GOD, LET US

these excellent gentlemen for thinking of the missionaries and thanks to anyone who acts upon their proposal in favor of any Maryknoller in the field. Headquarters of the Associates are at 415 Lexington Ave., New York.

Fellow Laborers from Canada—

When Maryknoll was first a-building, we had a friend in a Canadian China missionary, Father Fraser. He encouraged the toddling American Society, often sending us excellent photographs for THE FIELD AFAR. One of our early students avers that he got his inspiration for the foreign missions from one of these photographs.

Some years later, Father Fraser was instrumental in founding a Society in Canada, similar to Maryknoll. The Canadian China Mission Society has become a hearty youngster and already has had seven departure groups, the last of which counted nine priests, while the 1937 group promises to total eleven.

Headquarters are at St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, from which is published a monthly magazine, "China." The Canadian field is the Prefecture of Chuchow in Chekiang Province, Central China. The time o'day to you, fellow laborers!

The Pope Calls on the Clergy—

Great prominence was given by the Catholic and secular press to the Holy Father's address to 3,000 delegates representing the Missionary Union of the Clergy at the international meeting of the Society. This is an organization of which as yet we know very little in the United States. Pope Pius XI encourages this Society, since it is an instrument for stimulating the priesthood of the world to promote missions.

"The Faithful at large," says His Holiness, "will of necessity be influenced by the increased interest in missionary undertakings felt by the clergy. Enthusiasm for this cause, flowing in warmer and stronger currents in the lifeblood of the Mystical Body of the Church, will galvanize into action all members, of whom the clergy are the appointed leaders and directors."

We are delighted to learn that a result of the meeting in Rome is the establishment of an international office of the Missionary Union headed by Father Paul Manna of the Milan Mission-

LIFE Subscription to *The Field Afar*, which includes Perpetual Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, can be secured for Fifty Dollars.

aries, an old and warm friend of Maryknoll.

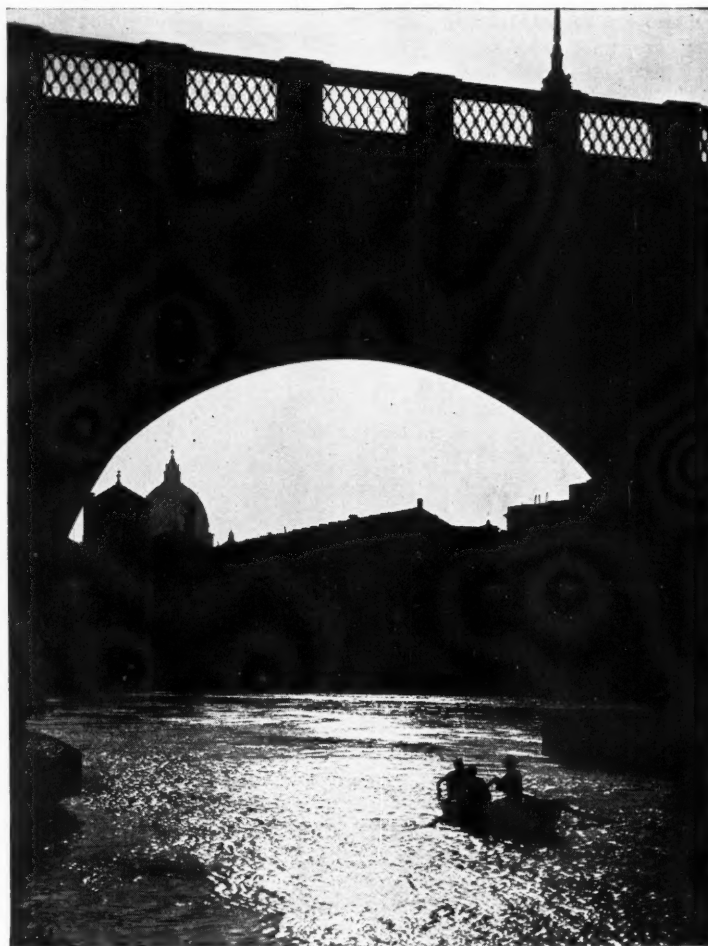
Headquarters in the United States for the Missionary Union are the National Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 109 East 38th St., New York City.

The Crusade's Tenth—

News from Crusade Castle, Cincin-

nati, Ohio, makes us pleasantly reminiscent. The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade is to hold its Tenth National Convention at Cleveland next August 10-13.

Veteran Maryknollers hark back to the days shortly after the War when the Crusade had its birth. A number of hard-working Maryknoll missionaries in the Far East today, caught the first spark of their vocations from the apostolic enthusiasm of the early Crusade conventions. The gatherings continue to be great dynamos of inspiration for the Catholic student world. May the Cleveland meeting measure up to the golden tradition!



The Ball and the Cross on the dome of St. Peter's, seen of a late afternoon from under the bridge over the Tiber which leads to the Palace of Justice.

COOPERATE TO GIVE THE FAITH TO OTHERS! — POPE PIUS XI.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS



UNDER the direction and care of the Maryknoll Sisters at *Maryknoll Academy* in Dairen, there are, among many other races represented in the classrooms, a goodly proportion of Russians, growing girls and boys who have known such strange experiences and seen such troublous times that they are wise and sad beyond their years.

The naive biography which follows was written by one of them, a boy of about fifteen, whose story and style give us the strange sensation of encountering Huckleberry Finn in the pages of Tolstoy.

My Life

My mother is half Polish and Russian. Her parents are still in Poland, and before I came into the world my mother was beautiful and was from good family. She has three sisters and one brother, but her brother was killed by the soviets not long ago. My mother isn't afraid of anything.

My father was an officer of the machine gun corps. He had four machine guns of his own. He went to many wars and came home unhurt. Once, as my father was sitting by the window reading, an old woman came and asked for food, then she said that she wanted to look at his hand. He gave the hand to her. She looked at it for a moment and finally she said that he had a good fortune; that he would die of his own death, not from the war, nor from sickness. And it happened as my father was at the Russian-German war a bomb burst right beneath his legs, but nothing happened only scratches. Then revolution broke out, and he had to hide away. For ten days he hid himself from the soviets without tasting any food. He ran sixty miles, only in the night time, and even now he can't write to his parents and use his family

name, because the soviets are angry with my father. He did many troubles to them, and if he wrote his family name his parents would be in great trouble.

I was born in June, 1921. My first memories are that my mother got rheumatism in her legs and couldn't walk, so she had to go to bed.

Then revolution broke out, so we had to run away. When we got to the



A Russian Boy of Dairen

station the cars were all filled with people. Father suggested to wait for the next train. Mother wouldn't listen to him and so we got into the full train. When we got away 100 feet we heard a terrible crash, and when we turned back we saw that the station was exploded. We were glad not to miss the train. We were going a long way till we came to Harbin; we stopped for one day, then went to Mukden. We stayed in Mukden, and then went to Dairen.

We lived happily in Dairen. I used to get up early in the morning. I had

my own stick to open the door, because the door had a hook very high, and I would take my toy automobile outside without any noise. I like to ride in my automobile on the tramcar rails. I knew every street, and if I would get lost I would call a jinrikisha and tell him where to go. My mother and father didn't worry about me. Many times policemen came to my house to scold me.

Then one day I fell down, and something cracked in my hip. I didn't feel any pain but was limping. My parents didn't mind about it, but I was limping worse and worse. Then mother took me to the doctor. One year passed and the leg became worse. The doctor recognized the sickness as tuberculosis of the bone.

My father sent me to the Japanese school. But the boys teased me and made fun of me, and I had to stop going to that school. Where I lived there were many boys. I played with them. Some of them were bad. I became bad myself. I went with them and stole things. I brought sorrow to my parents with my stealing.

When we moved to Yamagata-dori I went to *Maryknoll Academy*. From that day I had exciting times. I was very lazy too and didn't do my home work. When I was thirteen years I had a most exciting time. We went swimming, and I almost drowned. When I was pulled out, I thought I drank the whole river. Another time we went to a picnic. We took fishing rods. I fell into the water. We stayed till sunset and we brought home one hundred and sixty fishes.

One month passed and I got appendicitis. The doctors took it out. Then I went home. The doctors said that I must have one more operation. So they operated my side for two and a half hours. So again I stayed twenty-five days in the hospital and now I am all right.

The End

THE MARYKNOLL SISTER IN THE ORIENT TEACHES CHRIST'S LOVE BY A LIFE

**Dressed for
South China
Winter**

These girls, aged twelve to twenty-one, are studying with the Maryknoll Sisters at Ping-nam, South China. The older ones are looking forward to becoming Sisters and will later form the nucleus for the Native Novitiate in Kwangsi Province



How the Church Grows in China

FREQUENTLY in China, characters and circumstances contrive to strike the mind like flashes from the Gospel story and stir the heart with the startling force of a memory.

Engaged in apostolic work in Kaying, South China, one of the

Maryknoll Sisters writes:

Today, one of our former catechumens who lives far off in the hills brought a large group of women from her village to visit us. We were reminded of the Samaritan women who heard the words of Life and ran through her village spreading the glad news far and wide. So it was with our little lady, old in years yet young in the joy of her new-found Faith. She wished to bring others to the place where, as she so sweetly expressed it, she had found "the Lord of Heaven."

And again:

Even so simple a thing as making a mistake in writing the name of a person one wishes to visit can work to advantage in spreading the Gospel in places yet in darkness. So when, as recently happened, A Yn Tsi and I found ourselves off on a wild-goose chase into a village which had never heard of "So-and-So," whom we sought, we were inclined to feel rather helpless, as well as tired, and so we sat down on the side of the road to rest and see what would happen. And happen it did.

Along came two little maids carrying their heavy bundles of firewood from the hills. They looked at us and, going into their village, spread the news of the strange sight they had seen on the hillside. Soon afterwards, an old lady waved at us from her ancestral home at the foot of the hill, and then the whole family appeared from everywhere and set about making us their welcome guests. An hour later we left them with reluctance, our hearts warmed by their friendliness. As we went away the little girls ran after us

to press into our hands the berries they had picked on the hillside, and the old ladies called after us their promises to come to us and learn how to "worship God."

**ADDRESS gifts for the Sisters:
The Maryknoll Sisters,
Maryknoll, P. O., N. Y.**

From the Cloister—

comes a reminder to our readers that St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus—perhaps, the most powerful influence for good in the world today—would share with them her secrets of Christly living. The small edition of the *Little Flower's* AUTOBIOGRAPHY and a twin volume, *THE SPIRIT OF ST. THERESE*, are attractively bound by Maryknoll's Cloistered Sisters and sold at low cost, with a view to promoting genuine devotion to the Saint.

Sale-profits from both books are applied to a foundation fund to establish the first Maryknoll Mission Cloister.

*The Autobiography of
St. Therese*

50c Wrapper
\$1.00 Cloth

The Spirit of St. Therese, 90¢
(plus postage)

Address order to:

Maryknoll Cloister,
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Maryknoll Sisters—

is the popular designation of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc. (legal title). In its origin the community goes back to the early days of Maryknoll. The Holy See gave its final approval in 1920. Mother Mary Joseph is the Mother General, heading the present body of 455 professed Sisters, 59 novices, and 16 postulants. There are 246 Sisters in overseas mission work and 46 working among Orientals in America, while 73 are engaged by the Maryknoll Fathers in administration work and in domestic work in their seminaries.

Central Addresses—

Motherhouse and administration:
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Pacific Coast: 425 South Boyle
Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

South China: 103 Austin Road,
Kowloon, Hong Kong.

Manchukuo: Tenshudo, Dairen,
Manchukuo.

Korea: 257 Sangsukuri, Tenshudo,
Heijo, Korea.

Philippines: St. Mary's Hall,
Manila, P. I.

Hawaii: 1722 Dole St., Honolulu

OF LOVING DEDICATION. MAY ONE HAVE YOUR PRAYERS AND SACRIFICES?



Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau



THE TWENTIETH PAMPHLET

THE new Maryknoll Pamphlet Library has been growing up for the past year or two and now, it is adult size.

The latest and twentieth addition to the Library is "Christ in the Philippines." This brings the number of pamphlets on mission countries to six. There are now general pamphlets on China, Korea and the Philippine Islands, in all of which territories Maryknoll Missioners work. Eventually, there will be one each on Manchukuo and on Japan.

We endeavor to keep the titles of our pamphlets new and the subject matter fresh and flowing.

PLAY LIBRARY QUERIES

SINCE its inception last October, the *Maryknoll Play Library* has met with gratifying success. Requests for plays have reached us from all over the country, and the Director is kept busy answering a constant stream of questions.

"Our stage is extremely small, and we have no lighting system," writes one of our patrons. "What shall I do in order to make our entertainment attractive?"

"I would like a play for an Italian congregation," states another; "Have you a mission play for colored people?" queries a third.

A seminary professor, evidently venturing into the dramatic field for the first time, writes, "I am desperately in need of a play for young men and we can't spend much for scenery, or for costumes. The latter must be simple, because we have to make them ourselves. Any suggestions you may give will be appreciated."

Another begs assistance in procuring a play for those seemingly bothersome and much misunderstood creatures, small boys, who

do not want their cast invaded by "those old girls." Vice versa, a teacher requests plays for little girls, who are anxious to entertain "their public" absolutely independent of youthful masculine support.

The Director of the *Maryknoll Play Library* tries to answer all requests, and endeavors to aid struggling amateurs wherever possible. From time to time, plays will be published to meet the demands of all types of The-

pians. Already, the Library contains several "seasonal" plays, including the Lenten production "GO TO JOSEPH" and "THE LITTLE FAMILY ACROSS THE ROAD." From Los Angeles, where this latter play had its first and successful presentation, a Jewish friend writes, "I shall never forget 'The Little Family Across The Road.' It has given me an entirely different viewpoint on Christianity."

For St. Patrick's Day we offer "MOONLIGHT IN MALLOW" an Irish play suitable for all occasions, but particularly appropriate at this time.

Will you who are interested in dramatics aid us by sending press notices or comments regarding your production of a Maryknoll Play? Photographs of the cast will be especially welcome. Address all inquiries to:

*The Director,
Maryknoll Play Library,
Maryknoll P.O., New York*

MARYKNOLL PAMPHLETS



MISSION COUNTRIES

Christ in China.
Christ in Korea.
Christ in the Philippines.
42 Days among Chinese Outlaws.
10,000 Questions about China.
The Case for Catholic China.

MISSION PROBLEMS

Chinese Apostles.
Maryknoll among Chinese Lepers.
Marriage in Manchu-Land.
Missions, Medicine and Maryknoll.
Native Sisters in the Orient.
Schools in China.
The Chinese Seminarian.

MISCELLANEOUS

Ah Hoy, His Brother...His Boat.
Maryknoll on the March.
Novena to St. Francis Xavier.
Secrets of Chinatown.
Shall I Be a Maryknoll Sister?
Shall I Be a Maryknoller?
The Maryknoll Story.



Price: 5¢ each, \$4 a hundred
Order from

*The Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll New York*

YOUR BULLETIN BOARD

THERE are bulletin boards and bulletined boards. The latter variety is the type dealing exclusively in notices where necessity obviously does not appear as the mother of invention. This boring method of bulletining only the necessary, and that unattractively, has inflicted a stigma on bulletin boards in general, with the result that one invariably approaches such having no appetite for bulletined items.

The bulletin board worthy of its title, generously lends itself to expansion on all sorts of topics. Items necessary are its backbone, but news items, even news pictures, are its manifold success. Anything pertinent finds its way promptly to the up-to-the-minute bulletin board, so that it becomes

ZEAL BEGETS ZEAL.

the pulse of live-wire activity. The bulletin board should be Catholic Action in print.

There are some topics which cannot always successfully nor consistently be radio broadcast daily, weekly, or even monthly. The mission idea is one of these. The bulletin board can be an effective means for mission propaganda. With conciseness, brevity and point, your bulletin board can offer what the radio, having these same qualities, cannot give. Furthermore, pictures are important for bulletin display, and television over radio transmission is still a rarity.

Maryknoll realizes the potentialities of your bulletin board. With a view to keeping University, Seminary, College, High School, Academy and Nurses' Training School students and teachers informed of at least one

MARYKNOLL MISSION EDUCATION BUREAU

*Designed to meet your
mission promotion problems.*

1. **Literature Section—**
offers Mission books and pamphlets. Write for our complete price lists.
2. **Press Section—**
provides Catholic newspapers and magazines with mission copy and photographs.
3. **Entertainment and Lecture Section—**
offers some twenty-five plays, mission movies and stereopticon lectures. Write for catalogue.
4. **School Section—**
is at the service of all primary and secondary school teachers. Father Chin who heads this section endeavors to interest the children in missions through the Maryknoll Junior Club and our young folks' magazine, *The Maryknoll Junior*.
5. **Reference and Research Service—**
will provide you with bibliographies, subject reading references, statistics, photos and general mission information.

portion of the Church's foreign mission activity, "Maryknoll Mission Notes and Letters" are for-

warded weekly free of charge to all desiring such literature. This current news of Maryknoll Missions may be used for other purposes besides your bulletin board. It may be published in scholastic journals or it may prove helpful to study club projects, etc.

To the same class of students and teachers mentioned above, Maryknoll's Monthly Bulletin Board Service, popularly known as "*Mission Shots*," is offered for a fee of 25¢ during the scholastic year, from October to June inclusive. For the scholastic term, 1936-37, "*Mission Shots*" is presenting Series 1—The Missioner, treating of various aspects of the missioner's life in modern and past times, depicted in picture-poster and journalistic form.

If you have a bulletin board, may we have the pleasure of an introduction to it?

Catholic Press Month Exhibit

◆
Special Offer to Schools Only

The Exhibit is being sponsored by the
Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau.

◆
February, 1937

Mission Education Bureau,
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Please send particulars of your
Catholic Press Month Exhibit
to:

School

Address



Be My Valentine?

AS you can see, my heart is big—
It's far too big for me;
The puzzle is to find how much
'Twill take to fill it. Gee!
I think if ten new kids you'd find
And fill these heart-y blanks—
Enroll them in our Junior Club;
You'd have my heart-y thanks!
(And a SUR-PRIZE!)

Johnny Junior

P.S. Write the names and addresses of those who wish to be enrolled as Maryknoll Juniors, in the heart-y blanks. Send them to:

*Johnny Junior,
c/o Father Chin,
The Field Afar Office,
Maryknoll, N. Y.*

Below the main heart, there are ten smaller heart-shaped templates arranged in a cluster. Each heart has five horizontal lines for writing. The hearts are arranged in a roughly circular pattern around the bottom half of the page.

A Novena

This annual novena is an occasion for Maryknollers to show their gratitude to friends and benefactors.



of Grace

Send us your intentions for the Novena, nine days of special prayer to Saint Francis Xavier.

March 4 — 12

Novena Masses will be offered by 202 Maryknoll priests.

All Maryknollers, numbering 1060, will remember your intentions in their Masses and rosaries.

Send your intentions before March 4 to:

The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll, N. Y.

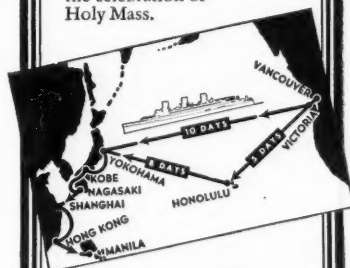
THE ORIENT in Record Time!



A bat-basket
in the Philippines

Go direct from Vancouver and Victoria in 10 days by *Empress of Asia* or *Empress of Russia*. Only 3 more days via Hawaii by *Empress of Japan* or *Empress of Canada*. Connect at Honolulu from California ports. Low round-trip fares include passage from and to Seattle.

• Facilities are available for the celebration of Holy Mass.



Canadian Pacific

For rates and sailings, see YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or Canadian Pacific: New York, San Francisco, Montreal, 38 other cities in U. S. and Canada.

What Is A Maryknoll Annuity?



IN BRIEF

You give Maryknoll a sum of money,
\$100 or more.

In Return

1. You receive regularly, as long as you live, a fixed interest on your gift—usually 5%.
2. You have the satisfaction of having an Unbreakable Will, since you have executed it yourself.
3. You will be a missionary, helping Maryknoll's work for souls, even after your death.

Where there is a WILL
there is usually a WAY
to break it. Invest in an
Annuity and have your own
WAY with your WILL.

Write for our Annuity Booklet.

The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll, New York

